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POTPOURRI is edited and published four times a year by Carlos Reyes at the PRENSA DE LAGAR/WINE PRESS (12 Main St., Orono, Maine 04473 USA - Subscriptions: \$2.00 per year to institutions; \$1.50 to individuals - Single copies: 50 cents to institutions; 40 cents to individuals - Mass will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped envelope - Cover by Michael King - Copyright 1965 by Carlos Reyes -

PANAMA: 1956

On the bus

(seperated from her by the aisle,
a canal, a street, a dashed line
on the map: a hemisphere . . .)

trying to talk to her

she not understanding smiling

now in her 7th month: Angela

--Carlos Reyes

A Tucson Park
(November, 1964)

In brilliant winter's sunshine old men
push counters, their muscles flopping loose
in their skins, eyes drifting off after the toss,
sight blurring but keeping the mind on, even if it's
a game, it becomes more, is more, as bodies bend.

Stiff. Shaking a little, the others hood their eyes,
watch, mouths trembling in smiles, they flick away
spittle and speak of homes buried deep in snow,
the luck that brought them here, Tucson, city where
mortuaries spread out their hands, all black aces,
all winning, their billboards smug among waving palms.

--Keith Wilson

Sleeping Baby

BEAT YOUR HAND TIGHT
LITTLE FISTS AGAINST
THE AIR

THE FIGHT ONCE BEGUN
BEFORE WHATEVER GOAL
IS ALWAYS THERE, THE

DREAMS YOU DREAM AS
VIVID AS THOSE HAUNTING
MY HEAD, LISTEN,

WE OLD ONES ROLL & TOSS
OUR LIVES AWAY WHILE
WHO KNOWS WHAT YOU DREAM?

THE OLD LANGUAGE FRESH
ON YOUR LIPS? ATLANTIS
SINGS AND ANCIENT MOUNTAINS

RISE IN MEMORY: BEFORE
THIS SAFE BED SEAS RISE UP
SLEEP IS A DISTANT VOYAGE
NEVER TO BE TAKEN, LIGHTLY.

--Keith Wilson

f a l l s

earth, grass, air

the sky rests
stillness caught in the river essential
quiet of the horizon
spreads upstream

--Larry Eigner

snow reels clothes
line sounding
 the field of wind
 scatters
 it takes a time
 past the panes
making water like glass
 the hard makes its room
 tunnels out
 the seethe of vacillation

--Larry Eigner

An Open Letter To Its Patience

In an angle of her garden
the multiflowered rosebush
grew well. It was not the care.
It had forgotten us thrived
on whatever soil and rain it found.
At one point perhaps we wished it dead
connected with ourselves;
but life waited. There may be
a few more blossoms
yet this late in the year.

--Theodore Enslein

NEWS FROM THE HILL STREAM

Bathing that day in the stream
which ran slack after drought,
it was colder than we'd imagined,
and we laughed and splashed gingerly
against the smooth rocks---the ripples
of sun on maples back
rippling the water.
Then she bent her head slightly
to catch the scant water,
her hair just over
and under the falls.

--Theodore Enslin

A BICYCLE

A bicycle
lies on the wet grass,
wind lifting a raincoat
across the street.

Tires splash, the road
beckons into a dark cloud.
The dank-eye face of September
watches my thirtieth year fail.

--George Bowering

GENERATION IS

That there is frustration is
that there is energy. From here
his mouth moved to within
counting distance and turned
words over six adjoining acres.
And the soft green metal
fixed the imprint of the day.

--Lionel Kearns

THE CRICKET

After the hot night
among the stone mountains
the crows call

early in the morning while
the other birds squawk
a more tuneful tune. Last night

it was the cricket strolling
in our bathroom whose
loud rasp gave features to

the strange land and drew
a filament about me.

--John Newlove

CLIMB THE SIDES OF THIS WORLD
call it.jump it.on two legs
over a boulder.out of high grass

what did you see?

nothing there

on a knoll a white frame house
frozen ground drifted deep in the wind
& patches of parched grass

the temperature dropping, already below 0
above & around, less than nothing

"he turned out to be a she"

he didn't turn out

nothing there

concavus convexus

now you see it now you

won't

everything that goes in

don't

whatever

nothing there

the man in the window

wasn't/really

as they say

(cont).

you will live a long time
accumulate nothing
but children

& from there?

O, she said, nowhere

it turned out it wasn't
as they said

I am (trying to say) something here

a small voice

they are planting seeds
covering seeds
with the soil

come out come up

going & coming.filling it

making it
more than O

where we begin
to count

5-18-64
--James Koller

A jug
 of wine
I broke
a jug
 of wine
busted, running
 over
the floor.

--Richard Morris

CURVINGS: AWAY FROM YOU

i

slick coffee

waitress
leaning on
spear points of elbows
her blouse too undone
as she rests

outside
trucks on interstate
60-70-80-90
 swish by
trailers weaving
red lights disappearing

both ways

i have been ready for
this loneliness which
never changes

 ready for
my changing

(cont).

& the long ride

motorcycle
screaming up to
 eighty, eighty
-five
 mountain road from
flagstaff
 down to
phoenix
coming up to
bends
too fast
 me

 hunched over
 leaning at
the first sheer
bend of curve
throttle wide
engine shrieking
wind up over
face mask, helmet
leaning into it
head turned
trees gone
prayerful by
white line curving
all of road come
 slowly
 once again
 to straight

& the moon
giving me the tree tops

me, forgetting road down
straights, caught in
those trees, black
pylons & the moon

iii

later

lying on a roadside
picnic table, looking
at the whole sheer sky
the movement
moon gone down
alternations between
hate & love
shading still, transposing
loneliness letting
hate & love & loneliness
go:

for an instant

loose

not seeing

road or rock

just me

the shadow of

my self

let loose

upon the sky

& with the whining of

a coming car

you reappear

your eyes

wide, green flecked

idea of

you

so separate from

your warmth

returns

& beats slow

turns me

spinning

spinning from

my shadow

spinning

(cont).

from
the sky

iv

a month ago
after
the tears &
your softness
i loved
your tears &
the hardness which
followed
i left

at the base of
the front stairs, you
saying before
you did not want
to hear the motorcycle
start
--you wanted to
see

& i left
could not turn
backwards
do not know if
you stood on
the stairs until
i had turned
at the very first
corner

i saw

& i
turned

--David Tammer

'THE POOL'

The pool
 lies dark
 leaf
shadowed.
 Bubbles
 froth white
over
 secret currents
 around
 down
changing
 the pattern
 unchanging the
 difference.
A trout jumps
 adding to
 taking
from.
 Ripples
 echo
 silent
 spreading
wide.
 Leaf shadowed
 undisturbed
the pool waits .

--Christine LaBelle

what deep space is (in this poem:

we sit on boxes
we smoke funny oxygen breathing
helium voices
a green gods breath
(offshore we are smugglers
anything we'll take we
respond

so this is
deepspace

you hold it in yr hands
it breathes us out of itself
(there are some wd say we are
its impurities nothing is pure
is fixed
enough for man

-was...

o yes my son deep space is
our home flowing for countless millions of miles
streaming where there are no numbers no miles
&, is as deep as the any man/any woman
any child
who confronts it w/in him

so this is deepspace

--Barbara Moraff

t h e p r o b l e m

to work it. to
work through,
making with care.

up from under
subversion of
tilted syllables,

the standing it
up on end. looking
through the eye

of the needle at
ninety centuries
of space. to

work it, that is
the reading on
the dial of light.

when complete
eclipse is
pressing to the

choice of signs.

--margaret randall

s t a t i o n o f t h e c r o s s

seen through
this wide light
as if

only reflecting
what has been seen, that
moment

reflecting
the inner eye and
standing

in the glare
tensed
to protective stance

taking
the numbers as they come
counting them, eating,

making of them
new instruments from
which to gauge

this wide light.

from which to fall.

--margaret randall

RETURN IN SAGGITARIUS

For Richard Schmidt

In black and silver, on a stem of wire
taut in the past and present tense of steel
I see an elegance that stands erect
where mine hangs rags
of samite.

The man in black stalks stateliness
along a hedge of shadows,
breathes it from alembics in muttered simmer
slowly at the pinch of night
to tease my jaunty tatters back to sarcenet
and hasten my return.

The bow pulls crescent at the tug of Time.
The arrow slits my silk where slashes
broke brilliant along my sleeve.
My gonfannon ripples in my wind of coming,
combed from the the fringes of an ancient graciousness
à mon seul désir.

--Barbara Holland

Not From Rushes

She thought she might find him
Somewhere among the rushes.
She glanced over her shoulder
And ran, wading a little
Into the water. Overhead
The quickening brush of water snipe
Made her jump and clutch
At the scarf, close round
Her face. She went, bent
Down a little, searching.
No one. Nothing but rings
Of water and a rat swimming,
Throwing water with its
Little paws, nothing but
Mosquitos breeding and
Water spiders skittering
Over the gloss of green
And torpid water, jellied
Around the roots of rushes.
Through summer she had lain
With the grass and the herons,
Trembling to know it would pass.
Now grass has only rendered grass
And herons, only herons pass
Across the sky and nowhere
Can she find him among the rushes.

--Barbara Drake

CHARLES OLSON SPEAKS OF THE WILL

Denis Deegan in Paris with Nico,
Charles Henri Ford on Crete,
The new day in whose light
The memory of night is specific.
It is the "bring down" I am left with.
And Charles Olson speaks with
A tough terminology: some word,
That if it's explained, the space of
The feeling remains safe and unspoken.
History, then, is a projection of itself
In the object. Although I write you
Letters, I am wishing it were not true
When they say, "Gerard is
What we cannot be."

--Gerard Malanga

THE ROOTS OF MAXIMUS

She is wearing a long shift at the seaside,
because the man who is with her
has taken her there to shelter her
face from the sun. This is
the seaside view of the sheltered woman,
and this is the tree after its struggle
in the wind that obeys the tension of its form.

It might be in movement of an effort,
let's say, equivalent to new proportions or
the necessity of speed thru to its end---
the central mood this boat now operates
the man, intelligent & sheltered,
in my heart, singular, unnerving.

--Gerard Malanga

FROM SOUL MANSIONS PART II

i wish i cld talk

into the grave ol Doc

into those meadows and roadways

knowing the fog covers

and the dumprats run Secaucus

but its a little hard ol Doc

the box isn't the only thing

holding me back

it's not just the hard rain watering

the small flower above your grave

i wish i cld receive your old sickbed

not to museum-ize but to construct

a new Paterson

somewhere above and the faces

the faces the faces the faces

not only the rsin Carlos

not only the mustache of the sky

but the faces faces faces

of mere Death in black robes

ugly in the silken night.

--George Montgomery

POEM

Shudder
that does not pass through, but
freezes in you.
River.

The secret vibes of the earth.

Sitting astride my skeleton
we float
down dark caresses.

--Saint Geraud

CRISSCROSS

A man
who uses words better
than most, doesn't know
words.

"It's something else,"
he tells me. "It's
knowing the taut line of
one word that's
tied to the next. It's
five tight strings in a
crisscross:
ears left-right; eyes straight.

Could be
the thought and the not-thought-out
he ties; ties in that
crisscross.

But he says, "no
it's more than that, that
ties a bundle of words.
It's five good strings and a
steady hand between
one word and the next
unknown."

Maybe it is; maybe it's
just that:
crisscross.

--John Stevens Wade

A Hand at Images

Wet wood and leaves
the smouldering semblance
to an earlier clarity of fire
you do not burn
dancers of Teotihuacan
you do not leap
gracefully; the imitation
though not cheap
is still imitation and Tequila raw.
Where does the puritan come from
hollowed of heartwood
taller than firm goodhearted trees.

Fathers are who
you sharpen your teeth on
dear dead and deep men
whose earlier metal sharpened
and could not dull with abuse.
(cont).

nicked ringing echoes in the cloister
at the desert of lions
where anguish flickered as the candles
leading us from darkness

wet smoke and woodsmells
and rubber the clean
bubble of burning sap
pungent purification
burning for the blind
a sure flame and for the swift who take
the warmth of desire,
kinsman to fear
this sharing that was there.

--Seymour Gresser

LA JEUNESSE

Vous qui avez osé insulter la jeunesse,
vous qui nous empêchez
d'être libre
alors que nous n'avons
rien commencé,
Vous qui avez besoin de notre vie
et non de notre mort,
vous qui abattez chaque jour
nos valeurs les plus sûres,
vous qui avez refusé
de connaître nos goûts
de découvrir notre âme
d'écouter notre cœur,
vous qui vous donnez le droit
d'assassiner les faibles,
vous, hommes des guerres
hommes lâches et vils,
vous saurez très bientôt
ce que vaut la
jeunesse du monde
Nous, les porteurs d'Espoir
d'Amour
et de Paix,
Nous qui voulons fabriquer
la vie
avant de créer
la Mort.

--Evelyne Rey

EN JULIO Y EN HEBREO

dos pájaros se aman en el aire
se separan y se vuelven a besar
dos hojas muertas
sobre las líneas cortas, breves
de un grabado en la palma de la mano
el jugo de dos naranjas
y la medida de observación de mi sustancia
en un recato de búsqueda interior
con las piernas cruzadas, la razón
jugando a la raíz cuadrada del círculo.
éste es el principio de mi mañana
mientras el sol vuela y ladren
unos perros
y mis dos hijas charlan y se aman
en julio y en hebreo
como dos pájaros que vi
al asomarme a la ventana.

--sergio mondragón

P O E M A

A Francisco José y
Ricardo Mardone

El polvo que rodando
se hará hombre
para iniciar de nuevo
su jornada,
sin nacer otra vez,
rumbo a otro cielo,
desde su alta marea de ceniza.

Extraña fundación,
parto vacío, resucitado
sueño de la arcilla,
Dios consumido
por el triste oficio,
de ser la llama de su propia hoguera.

--Roque Vallejos

BOMBA DE TIEMPO

Dentro de la cara de este amigo
reconozco aún el oso pardo,
y también en mi espejo;
pongo la oreja junto a la radio
y el terror del átomo oigo

Dentro de las costillas del político,
y también de las mías,
las bombas de tiempo hacen tic-tac.
¡Oh hombres, dense prisa a ser Hombre!
o que les agarre el oso pardo.

--Earle Birney
(Tr. por Prof. Esteban Garáiz)

YA TE VAS . . .

Mil lágrimas te consagro
de mi agotado tesoro.
Mil gracias, y más, te guardo
en una arca caudalosa.

Mil veces te llama mi alma
en mi noche permanente.
Mil años te espera mi ansia
en el atrio de mi vida.

Mil versos te daré a solas
en la frente de tu ausencia.
Mil gritos lanzaré en olas
a las nubes del olvido.

Mil lágrimas enlutadas.
Mil gracias sepultadas.
Mil años enlazados.
Mil versos desangrados.

--Sabine R. Ulibarri

LENDA INDIGENA DO TREM

"Lá vem o Canibal!"
(Tremei povos do sol,
gemei povos da lua)

Seu fôlego é de cinza rápido passo de óleo
bum bum bum
a pedra na mão sinistra o fogo na mão direita
pregos e fios e ossos de aço e
cri cri cri

(tremei povos do sol)

Tribo fêmea, que tens a flor sem semente,
o Canibal se aproxima em seu cavalo de fumaça,
sátiro voraz dos horizontes de silêncio,
a deixar-te sêca num longo parto de vergonha.

(gemei povos da lua)

O tribo fêmea que sopras na agonia da fogueira
e com verdes asas amargas montas em nuvens e astros,
não ouves, não sentes do Canibal o metálico passo?
Se não fugires a tempo ficarás na dança fantasma
fechando o olho vazio que enxerga um século imóvel,
imóvil estrela alheia... gaiola de cinza e areia.

Canibal só sabe dizer: FOME!

--Federico Hensey

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Iturbe 870, Asunción, Paraguay.
- ARTE Y REBELLION 1. The Angel Press. Casilla
60, Suc. 14, Buenos Aires, Argentina.
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 VOLUME 63 No. 2. Bd. of Publications. University
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 YO SOY EL OTRO/I AM THE OTHER por Sergio Mondragón.
 México: El Corno Emplumado, 1965.

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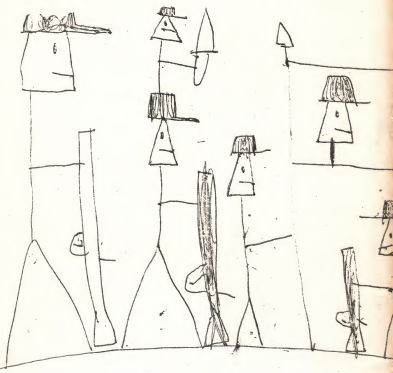
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